

Mexico

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NOTE BOOK



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TRADE MARK

E. W. Johnson

On June 27th we left San Juan Guichicovic and went 18 m. across the rolling plain of the middle Isthmus to the R.R. station of Lagunas where we slept in our old quarters in the R.R. station. The 28th we continued our route toward the Pacific. The same rolling plain continued with mts. on both E. & W. & lime stone hills rising abruptly near Lagunas. Most of the way was through country overgrown with brush & low trees. In many places were groves of palms (Coroso) often containing thousands of trees. These groves were, as a rule, intermixed with other trees & bushes but often stood out almost by themselves. In either case they made an interesting sight & added greatly to the appearance of the monotonous growth of bushy woods. I saw one of these palms with its trunk completely interlaced & enclosed in the network-like trunk of a fig tree the top of which was outspread about the top of the palm. Another fig tree had killed the palm & the trunk of the latter had decayed leaving the hollow mould of its form in the heart of the fig. A few Indians were seen at work in small cornfields among the wood but the main business of this part of the Isthmus is cattle growing on some large ranches. At the station of Chivila (on the large open plain of the same name that extends over so much of this part of the Isthmus) I left the outfit to wait for the afternoon train to go into Tehuantepec for mail & supplies while the outfit went on to the town of San Geronimo where I will join it. While waiting for the train a peddler turned up & I found that he was a Syrian. He has been in the country a number of years, peddling cheap jewelry, trinkets & a variety of small

warrior. He talked enthusiastically of his own country & said that in two years more he would have enough money so that he would return to his own country to live. He was very energetic & carried his heavy packs about from house to house in the small settlement while we waited for the train. The train took me in to Tehuantepec at 8 P.M. During the 29th & 30th I waited in Tehuantepec for a train to take me out to rejoin my assistant who is at work at San Geronimo - Trains run only a few times a week as the traffic is extremely light on the Isthmus & will continue to be so so long as there are no ~~see~~ ports at either end when vessels can unload readily. There is considerable local passenger traffic between Tehuantepec & the neighboring places on the S. side of the Isthmus as the natives patronize the train very freely in bringing stuff into market in Tehuantepec or to come in to make their small purchases. It is a lively & picturesque sight to see the crowd gathered about the depot a half hour or so before train leaving. The bright colored garments & great head-dresses of the women are the most conspicuous objects. The women of this locality are always striking from a physical standpoint & are the ones who do the business of buying & selling about the Teh. markets.

On July 2^d I rejoined my asst at San Geronimo. This is a large native town of 3 to 4000 people with a few half breeds living there & the members of the family of a foreman (Dreggers). They have considerable property on the Isthmus but are gradually losing it & going down since the death of the father according to their own account as well as by common reports.

This seems to be the fate of the descendants of energetic foreigners who come to the country, accumulate property & marry native women. Despite the size of the town it is made up of small adobe houses wattleed huts with two or three little stores having less than \$500. worth of goods all told. Everything of any importance is bought in Teh. The members of the Degyros family - Several men came about when we were stopping & were very outspoken about the detriment to the Isthmus produced by the R.R. & told how good business was before the latter was built.

This complaint is a very common one in all Mexico. I found Goldman just getting over a light malarial attack. While he trapped for duplicate types of *Geomys grandis* I made out reports & prepared for taking the specimens on hand across to Coatecoalcos to ship.

On July 6th I took the train with my material and went over to the Gulf side. The rains have been very light so far on the Isthmus and I saw no signs of the swampy character that the north side of the Isthmus is reputed to have in summer. From near La Puerta down to Sta. Lucenia the forest is fine & the soil humid & fertile. The country is a rolling plain descending gradually toward the sea.

At Coatecoalcos I was greatly disappointed to learn that the shipment of specimens brought over here a month ago had not been sent as the steamer advertised to come failed to arrive as the price of "Justice" is down & the owner of the cargo of wood lying here for shipment refused to close the ^{this} charter. A new line of steamers is just established from here to San Cruz &

our weekly and I will send the entire lot
by them. On July 8th returned to
Tehuantepec to get mail & exchange
money. & preparatory to starting for Chiapas.

On the train came two engineers to look at
the Pacific terminus for jetty or pier
facilities. On July 11th ~~was~~ returned
to San Jeronimo and spent the day in
getting ready to start for Chiapas.

July 12th I had a slight attack
of malarial fever today so put off the start
until tomorrow - the 13th when we loaded
our mules and took the road for Chiapas.

We made 22 miles in an easterly course
to the Hda. La Venta where we hired a wattle
native hut for the night. The owner of this place
is a widow who has a reputation of being ex-
tremely inhospitable to travellers so we
did not trouble her but did well enough
among the Indians who treated us very
well. On the 14th of July we made 20
miles to the Indian town of Niltipee.

All the way from San Jeronimo our
course has been across the gently sloping
coast plain covered with bushes & low
woods in most of its extent but
varied by open grassy prairies &
again by belts of dense, heavy forest
along the low bottoms bordering the small
water courses crossed.

On the 15th we reached Zanatepec, 22 miles
from Niltipee. Our route was a little
S. of east across the nearly level coast plain.
Grassy savannas of considerable extent

were found along this fast horse route
and alternating areas of country over-
grown with bushes & less woods.

On the grassy plains were seen a number
of Jack rabbits and the general character
of the country ~~was~~ in surface & vegetation
was notably similar to that about Tehuantepec.

On our way we overtook an American
named Jones, who is locating engineer on
the Guat. Northern R.R. & lives in Guatemala
City. He is now on half pay as work is not
being pushed on the R.R. so he is putting in
his time bringing pack mules from Central
Mex. to sell in Guat. where there is a very
good market for them owing to the great ^{exp.}
demand for pack animals to take the ^{goods} off
to the sea coast. Jones served a long time
on Brazilian R.R.'s & was an agreeable
companion. At Zanatepec we stopped
at a house kept by a widow & her widowed
daughters-in-law with a large family of
children & an adopted ^{god} child ~~of~~ whose
parents had died. I have been constantly
surprised at the number of middle aged
widows I have seen about the country &
especially in southern Mex. I can only
account for this by the idea that the men
die much younger than the women by
reason of their more dissipated habits.

The physique of the women throughout
southern Mexico - except in the high mts.
is strikingly superior to that of the men &
it is easy to see that the men will succumb
to disease more quickly than the women owing to
their drunkenness & excessive sexual indulgence
which the lack of morals among the women renders
very easy.

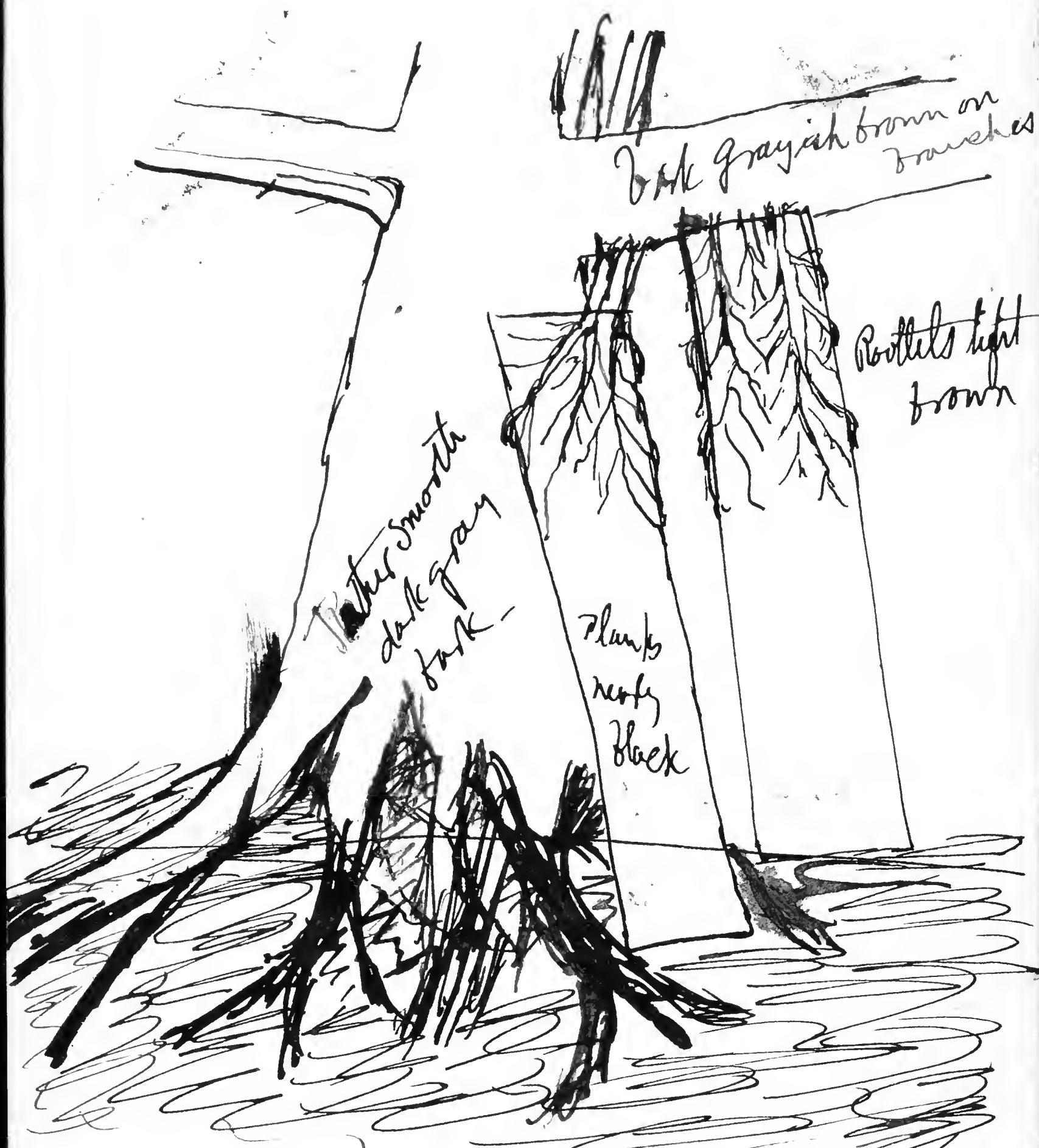
Along our route today we came on the
rear of some soldiers en route to San Cristó-
bal. The soldiers were marching in sandals.
Following them were a number of miserable
looking, dirty women. The temporary wives of the
soldiers. Goss had some luncheon in his saddle
bags which he held out to one of them & as he
sprang at it like a famished animal.
With their extremely small pay it is surprising
how the soldiers live & keep these women.
On the 16th we went on to Tapaná, 18 miles
across the same kind of country we
passed over yesterday. Tapaná is a
small place situated on a slope at the foot
of a hill. The people are mainly Indians (Tzotzils)
but the business of the place is mainly in the
hands of the family of the Frenchman Dr. Doune
who came here many years ago
& made considerable money as an indigo
planter. He established the Hda. Sta. Epigenia
& had a numerous family. The daughters married
foreigners. Among these was Francis
Sunnichrast who lived some years at Santa
Epigenia & afterwards marrying one of the
daughters moved to a place a few leagues
away to the east called Cacoprieto where
he established a ranch. This he afterwards
sold and went to Sonala where he establish-
ed a business & finally died of Cholera.
From the Dr. Doune family at Tapaná (several of the daughters live there) I learned
that the Hda. of Sta. Epigenia is now un-
inhabited except for a few Indian servants
who are herding cattle there. A Mr. Liljebluth
who married one of the daughters has a
store in Tapaná volunteered to take

Me out to the Hacienda where I explained my desire to go there to get duplicate types of some mice (Peromyscus melanophrys) taken there by Sumichrast. On July 17th we left Tapaná & rode out through neglected brush-grown trails for 8 miles to the Hda. which is nearly north of the town. We found the huge buildings of the Hda. closed & lonely in the midst of an encroaching growth of rank weeds & bushes that are rapidly resuming possession of the old fields. The lofty rooms of the great house were occupied by many bats & looked gloomy enough when the rusty locks & hinges gave way & let us enter. Taking possession of the most habitable room we arranged our outfit for some days' work. Our guide returned at once to town leaving us with the indian herders in full possession. The indian men were going about absolutely nude except for a breech cloth. Two of the women here had a mixture of negro blood judging from their features & hair. They were milking some cows here & making the sour milk cheeses of the country. We found the old woman of the head herder to be a good natured, friendly person from whom we secured milk & a little cheese. Our stay at this place was more prolonged than we planned & it was the first of August before we resumed our journey. The mice we were after live back in the foothills of the adjacent mts. several miles away so it was slow & hard work securing them. From the natives I learned that quite a number of Spider monkeys came regularly to feed on

Just in front of the Hda. building at Sta. Efigenia is a large wild fig tree against the trunk & lower branches of which had been placed several planks. These had been standing thus with one end on the ground & the other against the tree against its large lower branch for a number of years so that between the weather & white ants the planks were in an advanced state of decay. The remarkable thing in connection with these planks was the fact that the large lower branch of the fig had given off branches or air-roots which depending had clasped the upper ends of the planks in a close grasp so that it would be impossible to remove them without breaking them to fragments. One plank leaning directly against the branch was grasped by several roots & another plank leaning against the trunk of the tree a foot below the branch was also grasped by roots given off by the branch as though it had the power of thought & sensation & had sent out these roots from the branch knowing that the plank stood below. This sentient power of the fig tree is commonly shown & always impresses me with a feeling that these trees are conscious & have a life like that of some animal without the power of locomotion.

See page

Some wild figs & Ciruelas growing along a creek near the Hda. There the ground is more humid than elsewhere so that the wild fig & Casahuate trees grow over 100 ft high & some 3 to over 4 ft. at base. The fruit of the Ciruela is the commonest food of the monkeys. Following cautiously up the course of the stream for a mile or more above the nearest crossing of the trail leading to Tepic. The songs of a wood-worm & the Honey Creeper with an occasional clear warbling of a Merula tristis were the main notes that broke the stillness of the forest which grows heavy & ~~along~~ along the damp margin of the stream. Here & there along an open stretch of trail a large blue & black butterfly waved itself slowly along on slowly moving wings & over head the black forms of buzzard cut across the openings where the sky showed. Some chewed up fragments of figs under a projecting branch showed where a squirrel had taken breakfast & the odd track of a tapir down a soft, steep bank was noted. Suddenly a rustling of leaves followed by a series of short hoarse barking cries told us that the monkeys had heard us & were making off. We at once dashed away in pursuit & then finding a comparatively open piece of ground we were quickly under the frightened creatures. Several were brought down with charges of heavy shot making a tremendous thrashing & thud as they fell. Meanwhile some of the older ones still barking had made off in various directions & then ceasing their note of alarm were lost in the masses of foliage extending away on



The curious feature of this thing was the fact that the branches gave down no branch roots except for the purpose of touching these planks.

all sides. I found that the only way to get these animals was to follow one until it was secured & then perhaps get a chance at others that had gone in the same course for they scatter & disappear in the heavy leafage in a very short time leaving the forest silent & deserted. The main body of the animals usually follow some old male but the flock breaks up if badly frightened the rear ones scattering. At this time many of the females were with ygg. One young one was taken with its mother when the latter was shot. It clung tightly about her waist from behind with its hands & feet clinging to her long fur & its tail wound about the base of the old one's tail. It clung desperately to the body of the old one & hid its face in her fur when I took hold of it to take it away. In places where they are not disturbed these animals are bold & will stop & peer down at one from the tree-top assuming various absurd attitudes. One old female in trying to escape got into a tall tree cut off from others on the far side of a small creek some 15 yds across but the top of the nearest tree extended out to within about 30 or 35 ft. being lower than the tree in which the monkey was. As I came to the foot of the tree the monkey ran out on a strong branch & leaped off head foremost in the attitude of a diver and landed safely in the tree below catching the branches with her hands. She descended at an angle of about 45° & in a horizontal line must

have cleared 18 or 20 ft. one day.
While riding along the trail, to the place
where I usually found the monkeys &
in company with an indian boy & several
dogs we came suddenly on an old ♀ Armadillo
with eight young about 1/3 grown. They had
evidently heard us coming for they were standing
in a little close pressed group, side to side, in
the half concealed by the grass & small plants
growing by the side of the trail. The dense growth
of overhanging bushes & small trees made
the spot a shadow at all hours. I got off my
horse thinking to catch one of the young ones
alive but at that moment the dogs saw
them & dashed at them. Instantly the silent
little group exploded. The little animals
darting away exactly like so many small
pigs in their movements. The group broke
apart but all made a slight circuit & headed
for a certain point in the thick under
growth about 50 or 75 yds away. The barking of
the dogs there located the place where we
found this burrow where they had taken refuge
except for two of the little fellows that
the dogs had caught. That these animals stood
so still & let us approach within 20 ft. as
they did I think was due to their instinct of
self preservation. If they had moved
we should have seen them at some
distance but standing as they did we were
fairly on top of them before they were seen
& had they chanced to have been a few yds.
to one side of the trail instead of directly in it
we should have passed without seeing them.
They are not swift enough to escape dogs, foxes
or other animals of prey when discovered.

so probably try to escape detection by standing still when alarmed by a noise in the forest. Their shell is of no protection except against birds of prey. Dogs tear them to pieces very quickly & I have seen the remains of several of them where they had been killed & eaten by animals in the woods. The most of the country about Sta. Efigenia is overgrown with the low woods & brush common to the bird tropical belt here. Back a little across the rather level ground where the old indigo fields were located begin the foothills which rise in steep slopes, partly wooded & partly open grassy country. The woods are low & brushy over the wooded slopes up to the top of the range which does not rise to more than 4500 or 5000 ft near here & has a scattered growth of the tropical pine above about 1500 or 2000 ft above sea level. This is the main range of the Cordillera which extends from the East side of the Isthmus to along parallel to the Pacific coast into Guatemala. Having finished our work in the woods growing on the excessively rough rocky slopes of a limestone part of the foothills, we saw many monkeys as well as along the river. Having finished our work here we packed our outfit and prepared to continue our journey on the 1st of August. We passed Santa Efigenia and went on 16 miles beyond to a place called ~~San~~ Redondo just within the border of Chiapas.

Rising just back of the town are high foothills followed by steep sloping peaks reaching 4-5000 ft. with their sides overgrown with trop. pines -

From Tlapana to Tonala we followed the coast plain which is partly wooded & partly grassy prairie like the country toward Tehuantepec. Within a few miles of Tonala I saw the last Jack Rabbit. This is the extreme point of their range along the coast in this direction. The town of Tonala is about 15 miles inland from the coast on the lower slopes of the foothills of the Cordillera. Between it & the sea is a gently sloping plain mainly overgrown with bushes & low woods. There is a warehouse & some forges for unloading vessels along the open shore here which makes the port of Tonala. The customs house officials & business houses are all located in Tonala & only go to the shore on steamer days which are twice a month. Tonala has two or three stores with a fair stock of goods & the house of Liljevaltz & Orda. The agents of the Steamers is a well made two story building. The rest of the town is made up of insignificant houses. The place is of no importance except as a supply point for sending goods into the interior. Cattle raising & a little farming are the industries of the people here.

On the 2^d we made 21 m. to a ranch called "La Pampa" where we camped & on the 3^d made 16 m. to the Town of Tonala where we ~~was~~ put up temporarily in a miserable hotel.

It took me until the 5th to find a room in which we could do our work. When I left the hotel the rascally proprietor tried to cheat me in the a/c. & forced an extra payment for our pack saddles having been kept under a shed on his premises.

The people where we rented a room were very reasonable & honest in their demands so made an offset to the former aggravation. Tonala is mainly a town of Mexicans or half bloods with few Indians so that Spanish is the language. The centre of the main plaza is occupied by a fine broad spreading, round topped Ceiba tree. This is surrounded by a circular wall of masonry just outside the line of outspread branches & the enclosed space is paved with cobble stones. In this paved enclosure the daily market is held by the women who sell all manner of provisions & fruits & vegetables. This market usually lasts until about noon but nearly all day on Sunday. Here we met an old Spanish doctor who is a travelling Dr. He has been in a number of the countries of northern S. America and is now travelling about Mexico doing what he can. He was very mournful here over a patient that he had cured but who had gone away promising to return with the money but who failed to appear -

Another Spaniard a bright young fellow
was also here selling goods for dealers in
Spain & Mexico City. The Spaniards or
Chiricahua traders & a very large share of the
business in Mex. is in their hands.
During our stay here I made a trip to the top of the
range of foothills just back of town to a point over-
looking the town & all the surrounding country
far out to sea - a beautiful view. There on the
open grassy slopes of the hill top is an extensive
ruin situated at about 2500 ft. alt. The hillside
has been terraced with ^{narrow} intermediate slopes
faced up with rough stone work & two rude
pyramids of small size occupy the centres
of smooth floored plazas surrounded by
stone walls. These plazas are in rectangular
shape. The houses must have been made of
wattle & mud as the stone work although extend-
ing over a considerable area appears to be
the remains of walls, terrace slopes & some foundation
like pieces of work. Only a very few large mono-
lithic stones with squared faces were seen
the rest being rough stone as gathered or roughly
broken but laid so to give as smooth a face
as possible. Only a single effort at sculpture
was seen & it was on a large rounded boulder
lying in one of the pyramid plazas. It had
the figure of a large face cut in the
upper side of the stone but the weather has
effaced it so that it is difficult to distinguish
all the outlines. Like the ruins near Tehuantepec
these ruins would not indicate much
civilization & the only fragments of pottery
seen were the common dark coarse kind
which is still made & used for common
domestic purposes -

While at Tonala we met an american woman
her husband. I name her first for she was a
remarkably energetic woman & her husband
was just the opposite. She was married only a few
months ago & before that she had planted a coffee
ranch & sold it for \$30000 at Tapachula &
now with her husband has a place between
Tonala & Tapachula (near Panatapa) where they
are going into the cattle business. The
mexicans say she runs the ranch, going
off to look after men in the fields in the
morning while her husband stays about
the house. She is very bright & intelligent
& is fond of shooting & all outdoor
occupations. Her husband is an ex-con-
voy & far inferior to her in intelligence.

no ornamental coloring or even incised
lines ~~seen~~ seen.

On our return to town my guide took a
short cut and killed a deer that has a
remarkably bright red coat. At Sta-
Sofia we found the same deer as at
Tehuantepec & it also occurs here.
Having turned the spec's. on hand over to the
S.S. Co. we packed our outfit & started for
interior Chiapas on the 13th of Aug.

We travelled back nearly parallel to our
old course to the ranch called La Calera -
16 miles from Tonala in a new course.

On the way we crossed the track of the abandoned
R.R. that was built from the harbor of Tonala
for between 50 & 60 kilometers inland, passing
about 3 miles to one side of Tonala & ending
a few miles from La Calera. There are engines
& other equipments on the track near the coast
that have stood there weathering for a number
of years. The ties have rotted away & many
of the telegraph poles have fallen down.
The road was started by an English Co.
& the people of the neighboring region here in
Chiapas give a very unfavorable record
to all concerned in the local management
of affairs. The Mex. Govt. has recently
confiscated the abandoned property for non-
fulfilment of contract & are offering it to
the state of Chiapas if the local govt. will
build the road on to Tuxtla, the present capital.
This would be a most unwise thing for there
would not be business enough to warrant a
train, a work.

La Calera is situated close to the base of
the cordillera & takes its name from the

fact that a limestone hill rises here in the midst of the otherwise metamorphic formation. This hill stands up as a sharply rising peak in the little valley in which is located the village of La Calera. Lime kilns are located about the base of the hill & it is one of the main businesses of the people here to make lime & take it to Tonala & even to Tapachula. (It brings up to 4 cts. a lb. in the latter place). The lime burning is carried on in a very desultory way in open pits. The manner of doing business in this region is shown by the fact that the town Council of Tonala started to build a bridge over a stream between town & the landing on the coast. When the masonry was partly completed, for the abutments, the rains began. The lime burners at once announced that they could not burn lime during the rainy season, having open pits, so the work on the bridge was suspended until the end of the rains 5 or 6 months later. Meanwhile if something else comes up to draw the attention of the Council in another direction this bridge may remain in this condition indefinitely as I have seen many pieces of work left after being half done in various parts of the country. Along the road I was overtaken by a young woman on horseback and in talking with her learned that she lived in Tonala but was now on her way to a ranch she owned near La Calera. She said she was a widow & that she had been married when 11 yrs. old & had

from a widow for several years -
Her husband had left her the ranch with
about 80 head of cattle & she added
that her husband's family had not
taken the ranch from her in a
way that showed that she would not
have thought it remarkable if they had
taken the property.
I asked her how it came that she had not
married again & she said that she had
had plenty of chances but that she
feared to marry for her husband
might drink up all her property
leave her in the street.

At Salalera we obtained permission
to sleep in the corridor of a house oc-
cupied by a half-breed family who
have cattle on the range here.
They complained of the dry years which have
recently caused so much loss to cattle
growers all along this coast.

~~The next day~~ In the afternoon just after
our arrival a sharp shower occurred.
The rains have been very heavy at night
since our stay at Tonala but in the day
time sunshine & clouds have chased
one another across the country.
The weather was warm in the day but
not uncomfortable at night & frequently
needed a blanket toward morning.
In the daytime the sun made the moisture
loaded atmosphere rather oppressive
to exercise in.

The heavy smokeiness of the atmosphere that obscures the horizon so thoroughly in southern mex. in the dry season is cleared away in part by the rains so that one gets a view of the mts. softened only by a bluish haze if they are distant & those near by stand out very distinctly.

The country is brilliantly green now from the effect of the recent rains and is very attractive. On the next morning -

The 14th - we went on striking directly into the mountains. Our course lay up a narrow trail ascending the steep slope in a winding course. We were soon up on the slope so that a fine view was seen of the white line of breakers along the shore and the series of coast lagoons. In places the trail ~~has~~ on this ascent has been worn down by the travel and the rains until one is in a deep cut narrow cut with walls 20 or 25 ft. high where not two animals could pass one another. In one of these cuts I found a small snake trying vainly to make its way out & dismounted to capture it. Just as I was reaching out to pick it up an indian came running down the trail & turned a blind in the trail to ~~come~~ upon me without warning. He was within 4 or 5 ft. of the snake & myself & the look of mixed surprise & horror at this encounter was laughable. He stood as if transfixed until I picked up the reptile & told him to go on which he did without any unnecessary delay. The day had become dark & threatening as we gained the summit at an altitude of about 3500 ft. This forms the summit of the

Cordillera in this part of its coast & the highest peaks scarcely reach 4000 ft. to 5000 ft. The tropical pine & some scrubby oaks of 2 species form an open forest on the ridges. Descending the north slope we could see a fine open valley lying below brilliantly green with grasses & the open pine forest all about us was carpeted with a brilliantly green growth of grasses & small herbs.

The ~~grasses~~ smaller vegetation while being enough to give a vivid green covering to the earth, with flowers of red, yellow, white & blue scattered about was still scanty enough to denote a rather sterile soil.

Part way down the slope we came to ^{a half breed's} ~~an Indian~~ rancho with a large house where we stopped just as a light shower passed. Here we remained all of the next day (Aug. 15th) collecting birds & mammals, neither of which were very numerous.

On Aug. 16th we went on in a northerly course & after a couple of miles of gentle mt. slope through grassy pine forest ~~where~~ we followed the trail out on the open valley which sloped gently down toward the white buildings of an Hacienda. Passing this we saw the usual group of small servants' huts grouped at one side & the large corral close by showed that stock raising formed the main business. We were now in the valley of Jiquipilas down which we travelled all day. The valley is from 3 to 8 miles wide & flanked by a low range of mts. rising in rounded contours to an altitude of from 4 to 4500 ft. on their highest summits. A small stream flowing down the middle of the valley was bordered by

a vigorous growth of ^{scattered} trees & bushes
until near evening when we came
to a stretch of low flat land on which
is a fine heavy growth of timber of various
tropical (upper trop.) species. In these
woods were many of the great red yellow
macaws uttering their discordant shrieks
and cries from the branches of the tallest trees to top.
In these woods also occurs Attila villosus according
to the natives. Having passed through the belt of
forest we came out again into a valley
narrower than that we had left with
a more sterile & drier character. Here
were scrubby oaks, acacias, &c indicating
a drier climate. Mocking birds & Colinus
Corycolcos were common all day in the
valley bottom. Just as we left the heavy for-
est we came to ~~the~~ an adobe house which evidently
served as a stopping place where we put up
for the night. We were given permission
to sleep on the ground in the shelter of the porch or
corridor where several people were already
camped. Here I got at work on the birds taken
along the road during the day & soon had a good
number ~~around~~ ^{crowd} about me whose comments were
amusing. One of the men finally said he had
been in the City of Mex. & seen the museum there
& supposed I must be getting specimens
for this purpose. This was quite surprising
as it is rare that even the more intelligent
people in out of the way places in Mex. have
any idea of the use that specimens can be
put to & the ordinary decision is that they serve as
medicine (remedios). Early the next a.m. we were
up & while packing the animals the songs of
quail & mockingbirds were heard.

from the patches of bushes & low trees
near by. During this day (the 17th) we
kept on in the same course through a
valley much narrower than before &
late in the afternoon reached a ranch
known as San Ricardo. This place is
on a rolling plain forming a part of the
valley here. The stunted growth & vegetation
& scarcity of grass show that the climate is much
drier than near the head of the stream about
our route yesterday. We made 18 m. today
today & stopped at an alt. of

Aug. 18. made 18 m. in an easterly
course to town of Ocozucua. alt. 3100 ft.
From San Ricardo the road led for a mile or so
across the plain & then ascended what appeared
to be a range of low mts. 500-800 ft high fronting
the east side of the valley. When the summit
was reached we were surprised to find our-
selves on the border of a plateau - plain reaching
away 15-20 miles to the east & with scattered
round topped hills along its western border
where we were. These low hills were situated
in the midst of the plain from which they
arose abruptly from the general level. The
plain was generally open & grassy with
a few wooded hills & the hills were covered with
a low growth of trees & bushes from their
bases. The brilliantly green grass of the plain
with the wooded hills gave a beautiful, park-
like effect to the scenery. The town of Ocozu-
cua lies at the eastern border of the plain
at the base of another terrace like slope
that descends abruptly to the border of the town
on its eastern side. We stayed at this
place a few days but did not get much.

Here we heard the marimba used as a serenading instrument. One night at about 11 P.M. one of these instruments was placed under the window of a house across the street where 2 yg. ladies lived & while one man held a small lantern made of oiled paper the serenaders played several pieces. The chilly night breeze seemed to be too much for the enthusiasm of the party after sneezing & coughing for nearly as much of the time as was spent in playing the instrument was carried away. From the rains that are falling in heavy showers almost daily now the climate

is cool & pleasant here & the vegetation green & fresh. The people living here are mainly mixed blood there being very few Indians & all talk Spanish. They claim that the people about here are very honest & I had a proof of it at a small village we passed just before reaching Ocozucumt. We had dinner in a little wayside cantina & used my pocket knives. When we left I forgot mine on the counter. We were a mile away when an Indian came running after & gave me the knife. This was a most surprising thing as ~~was~~ the rule in such places is to not let such crumbs escape. The marimba is an instrument used only by men & when I asked a little girl at the fonda if she could play on it she was very indignant saying "I am not a man".

On Aug. 21st we left Ocoz. & proceeded 10 mi. in NW. course to the little Indian village of Ocuilapa.

This place is occupied by an old Indian & his family & relations. We had some trouble in getting a place to stop but finally when we could find no place the old man made room for us in one of the two houses he had. When we were lodged was in the place where the holy image of the Virgin was kept owing to the church having a leaky roof & the whole front end of the house was taken up with the improvised altar.

To get her from Ocuilapa we ascended
the bluff east of town for 500 ft. to its top & found
ourselves on an open grassy, rolling plain
with limited areas of bushes & small trees. To the
east the plain extended to the horizon (in
direction of Juxtla) but to the N. it was limited
within 4 or 5 miles by a range of wooded hills that
rise from 100 to 800 ft. above the general level
& from the crest of the mountains at this point.
This further slope descending in a long sweep
to the Chiapas River. The old man here was a
pinto with thoroughly marked. He was a good natured
friendly old fellow. The village is governed by him
in a paternal manner & he attends to all matters
that affect the village interests with the authorities.
The women still ~~man~~ spin cotton & weave of hand
cloth for their own wear & to sell. Some of the things he
woven & embroidered patterns of which I bought a
few articles. While at this village a ranchero from
his ranch called "Alvarcia" 3 miles east of
Ocuilapa - His name is Miguel Burquete. ~~He~~
~~he was very friendly~~ for a while on day. He was
very friendly & invited me to go to his ranch to stop.
The invitation was accepted & on the 24th of Aug.
we moved over there. Found him living with wife
& several children in a small, low roofed, mud-walled
house. Earthen floor & rude scanty furniture.
He has 8 moscos with his families living in grass thatched
walled walled huts near by. He grows some sugar cane
beans, corn, pine apples & coffee. The pine apples
are very fine here. This ranch is just at the
edge of the forest that covers the range of low mts, rising from
the plain to form the limit of the long, heavily forested slope up from
the Chiapas river & has a cool rather damp climate
well suited to coffee. But the soil is too hard & clayey.
Some coffee is grown here but on a small scale.
From here I made a trip to a coffee plantation

situated some 6 or 8 miles north of the ranch down the slope of the mt. The trail led through one of the most luxuriant & beautiful belts of humid, upper Trop. forest I have seen. The country of this forest is excessively rocky with broken & ragged limestone but the trees reach giant proportions, especially some huge wild fig trees with curious thin buttresses reaching out along the butt of trunk to the roots. Long vines hanging from the broad spreading branches. Lesser vines & a great many herbs with clinging parasitic plants went to make up a rich growth of vegetation among which the leaves of the trail gave ever changing vistas of the greatest interest & beauty. Animal life was very scarce & very few birds being all that was noted. ~~It is a very beautiful forest we came~~ On the way we passed some men at work making a road through the rocky area from the ranch. This work was undertaken by the owner of the ranch alone. He is one of the most energetic Mexicans I have seen. He has opened up this ranch 3 leagues back in the forest & has 30000 coffee plants out with 20 moscos. Some of these moscos are over 3000. The entire system of labor in Chiapas is that of employing men who have an indebtedness to you. As a rule this debt is never extinguished & the man serves all his life. His only method is to run away if he wishes to free himself from debt. To men in this condition the law holds them to the service of the one to whom they owe & if they become dissatisfied they can ask for a paper stating the amount of their debt & then they go out & hunt for some employer who is willing to assume the debt by paying the first employer & then they transfer their services. Owing to the relative scarcity of labor men find it easy to get a new master so the employer is on his good behavior.

While at this ranch I saw two species of *Simarouba* (the largest & common one) they were both in a beautiful shady spot in the heavy forest close to a fine spring bubbling from the limestone ledge - On this ranch the soil is very good but the coffee trees at the lower edge of the plantation made a heavy yield last year & their lower branches then died on a large part of the trees so that the trees are not as strong as they should be; On the upper part of the slope they are more thickly & robust in appearance.

In the afternoon I returned alone through the forest & it was getting dark & shadowy as I rode through the heaviest part of the woods when the air was already damp laden with the odor of plants & decaying vegetation with the rising humidity of night. The notes of several *Solitaires* were heard in sweet cadences as I rode through the midst of the gloomy aisles where the trees were largest & a dark neck brown worm was heard a few times but most of the way the silence was unbroken except by my horse's feet.

In this neighborhood the money paid men for a month's work amounts to about 3-5 dollars a month with rations of corn, beans & salt making a value of from 7-8 dollars a month's pay. On Aug. 29th we left Rancho

Alsatia for Tuxtla - 23 mi. in an easterly course - where we arrived in the afternoon.

Tuxtla has an alt. of about 2000 ft. For several miles out of ~~the~~ Alsatia the road is across the rolling plain that rises gradually to a ^{rounded} summit or divide at about 4500 ft. & then descends gradually for 10 or 15 miles to the valley of Tuxtla & the ~~San~~ Chiapas Riv. A large part of the plain and also of the slope descending to Tuxtla is overgrown with bushes & low trees of the mid trop. climate among

Which were conspicuous Calliandras, Cassia,
acacias, Sages, Rhus and Cypresses along
a small stream near the town of Don
Rodrigo. We passed here at midday & the
place had a barren sun-baked appearance
built as it is on an outcropping of whitish
limestone. Scarcely a bush grows near
the mud-walled & wattled houses & huts.
As usual a few tiled roofs showed the
residences of the "ladinos" or half-breds of
the better classes. Back of this place is a small
coffee district. Descending the long slope from
this solitary looking village we finally entered the
long, narrow valley leading down to the Chiapas
river & in which, about 8 1/2 miles above the river,
is located the City of Tuxtla Gutierrez - the present
State Capital. (In front of nearly every small house
along the main street of Don Rodrigo as we passed
was a boy with a "whirling stick" for twisting maguey
fibre cord - **this stick** consisted of a short
handle projecting through an oblong flat
stick a foot or so in long to the far end of which
is fastened the cord. The boy then begins to whirl
it like an old-fashioned watchman's rattle & back
slowly away from the person (usually an old man) who
sits in the doorway or shade of the house & spins
out the material from the loose pile on the ground
& between his knees. Most of the boys here had
a forked stick about 4 ft. high to the top of
which the whirling stick was fastened so to be
turned by a short crank while the stick was
held upright by the boy's left hand, its point resting
on the ground. For this purpose the cord is sometimes
fastened to the border of a wheel. Long cords 40-60
ft. were being spun to use in making rope.)
The valley of Tuxtla is arid & not much cultivated
owing to lack of water. It is from 2 to 4 miles wide
& bordered on the right side as we descended

By a bluff like front of ~~the~~ an elevated ^{grass} plain
like that at Ocozucuatlan on the left is a
range of low mts. rising from 800-2500 ft above
the valley & covered with scanty growth of veg. with
tropical pines along summits.
About Tuxtla & some miles above the valley is
rather open & slopes gently each way to base of hills.
The town is in the very bottom & has no striking
features. The same sleepy air pervades it that one
finds everywhere in towns of this country.
There is considerable business done here however as
it is the centre of supplies for all the interior of
the state. The churches are large & well built &
the Gov't house is one of the most decayed &
tumble down structures I have seen in the country.
As we came down the valley we passed 3 or 4
large white tombs built by themselves on a
bare knoll close by the roadside, then a
turn in the road about the point of a hill
showed us the low dark mass of houses of
the town with the white facade of the large church
rising boldly over the roofs in the usual
dominating manner. We passed slowly up the
narrow, cobble paved streets to the middle of the
town where we found a hotel that had been
recently opened by a couple of Frenchmen.
Then we put up & proceeded to look about
the town. In the middle of the plaza is a kiosk ~~under~~
with open sides in which is held the market
each day. Among the prominent features of the
market were large gaily painted gourds filled
with Cacao beans. In connection with these I ~~learned~~
learned the curious survival of the old method of
counting & money values in the fact that small
change is often made by the use of Cacao beans
& these usually go at 9 beans for one Dero (1 1/2 cts)
& 3 cacao beans for 1 Dero.

This method of counting & trading refers to
obsolete coins. Nothing of special interest
was noted in the market. As far as in
many Mex. towns the water supply is very scanty.
I called on the acting Governor here & got from
him a letter to the authorities of the state.
He is a Sr. Magual, the acting Gov. in absence
of Emilio Rabasa who was elected but went to
the city of Mex. to fill some judicial office there
after serving a part of his term. During this time
he moved the Capital from San Cristobal to
Chiapas & introduced various changes in the
laws governing the state through the legislature
which is always the habile instrument of the
Executive in this country. By these means
Rabasa became generally disliked by the
people of this state who are against the adm.
of Gen. Diaz & who have given the nickname
of Don Per Juicio in stead of D. Porfirio. I am inclined
to believe this opposition to Diaz & is a part from
the hold of the Clergy of the state on the people. After
considerable inquiry & hearing many reasons
for the change of the Capital from San Cristobal
I finally learned the true reason & this was the fact
that San C. people are very bitter against the
Diaz adm. & express their opinions freely & openly. This
has caused the same result as in Guerrero
when the old Capital Tixtla was abandoned for
Chilpancingo for a similar contumacy.
The lawyer Rojas in jail at Tuxtla for defamation
of the Governor Rabasa in connection with a law
suit accusing the Gov. of withholding papers in con-
nection with the suit is an instance of the arbitrary
methods used by the Government to hold its own.
Rabasa ordering the imprisonment of Rojas from Mex.
& when the local authorities hesitated the order
was repeated so forcibly that Rojas found him-

self in jail where he still remains.
In Tuxtla I found a party of American surveyors
who have recently completed a survey of the
lands in a part of the state by Govt Contract.
The Indians have been allotted lands that they
actually occupy & all other land declared Govt
property & are sold in lots by the state at a fixed
price according to the classification of the
land by the Govt. The cost of surveying & the
price of the land occupied by each person must
be paid by occupant resulting in considerable
hardship to the Indians. The result was that one of
the am. surveyors was shot at Quechula last year.
This is one of the items of the Rabasa administration
that is held against him. It will result in an
actual benefit to the state however as the
holding of large unencumbered tracts by Indians
is a great hindrance to settlement.
From Tuxtla we went out about 3 miles to the ranch
of Don Cirio Terrera, an attractive place on the hill-
side. There was a very fine palm tree growing here
that has a fine columnar trunk swelling a few
inches in diam. above the ground about $\frac{1}{3}$ d
of distance to top. The administrator here is a
curious character, whose life has been a turbulent one
amid the wars & revolutions of the past years.
The view from the ranch house here down across the
valley is a beautiful one & includes the upper end of
the deep box canyon through which flows the
~~Tuxtla~~ Chiapas R. From here I made a
rapid horseback trip with one of the surveyors to
the country lying N.W. of Tuxtla. On Sept-
3d we left Tuxtla before day break & lost
some time in getting on the right trail. When
dawn began we met some people on their way
to market and got off on the right road at last.
For a few miles we were in the valley & then the trail

led us up into the rocky, limestone hills to
the right (or north side). We reached a place
called ~~San Pedro~~ San Fernando about 9.30 &
stopped to have coffee at a small store in
which the stock consisted of a few candles,
some pitch pine, a few bottles of aguardiente
& some ^{brown} clay vessels (pots, water jars, bowls etc).
A couple of attractive mestizo girls, daughters of
the owner served the coffee & were quite frank in
conversing with us. From here we still ^{ascended}
(San Fernando is at about 3500 ft.) and at noon
came to a ranch (belonging to some Mexicans)
beautifully situated on the top of the hills. Where
the broad rolling summit was diversified with
areas of grassy openings & stretches of
oaks & pines. This was at an altitude of
over 4000 ft. A few miles beyond this ranch
where the people were very friendly & prepared
us dinner, we began a long descent toward the
Chiapas R. This slope is and very rocky &
we were a couple of hours getting down to the
river. Then at an alt. of 1600 ft. we found the
town of Chicoasin. The town being across the
stream which is a couple of hundred yds
across & with a strong deep current we hailed
the ferry men across the stream & before
long 3 Indians in a large dug-out canoe came
across. Putting our saddles aboard we forced the
horses into the water & swam them alongside as the
men paddled across. Fortunately we started across
some distance above the landing as we drifted a
long way with the current. Once across we de-
saddled & rode into the town. It is a place of per-
haps 100 houses with a ruined church in the middle.
Here we lodged in the public building (juzgado).
A couple of cots made of cane being set out for us.
The horses were tied in front of the Indians

Were quickly sent to bring in green corn stalks for feed. In the evening we had considerable skirmishing with pigs to keep them from carrying off all the horse feed. The people recognizing my companions as one of the surveying party that measured the lands of neighboring towns last year were very anxious to learn the object of our trip & assured us that the lands about their town are too poor to be worth surveying. They told us how poor they were with an eagerness that revealed their anxiety. The lands here are very arid & of little value & for this reason were not surveyed at the same time as the others.

Sept. 4th Today we made 28 m. in a new course passing Copacinala at an alt. of about 2800 ft. & reached the Indian village of Teapaetan at 3000 ft.

At Copacinala is a ruined church & the town itself is a deserted looking place on an arid hillside. Half way to Teapaetan we enter the humid zone & a change in birds, mammals & veget. takes place. Species of the dry country like that about Tuxtla give place gradually to the species of the humid tropics at Teapaetan.

At Teapaetan is a ruined chapel on a hill above the town & on the high bank of a fine clear stream flowing by the town is the finest ruined church & monastery I have seen in Mex. The interior of the rooms on ground floor still contain their domed ceilings, ribbed & subdivided by stucco & mortar work. Rude frescos in geometrical patterns were visible on many of the walls and a broad winding stone stairway with its outer border unadorned.

was one of the most striking features of the ruin. A massive square bell-tower at one corner with a narrow stone stairway winding up a small bastion at the corner & lighted by long narrow slits in the walls led up to the top of the tower where hung two massive bells that must have been cast here for I do not see how they could have been brought in otherwise. The stone stairway shows many signs of wear from the monkish feet & standing in the tower & looking out over the town & below & across the beautiful slopes of the wooded hills all about & the stream winding down the midst of the valley made as rich a picture as ever monkish eyes held in view. It was told me that the last Cholera visitation depopulated this place & that it has only recently begun to regain its people. We found the town made up of rude adobe & wattle huts, straw roofed & dirt floor. The only store is a small place where we were given permission to sleep on the narrow board counter on which also our meals were served from a neighboring hut by an unusually good looking Indian woman. About this place within 5-8 miles are some very good coffee lands. We rode out to some land owned by an American dentist named Sturgis who was absent. We found the place well adapted to coffee but in a distressing state of neglect. Here was another American living as a kind of hanger on - an ex-variety show man whose conversation exceeded anything I ever had the misfortune to hear in the way of vulgarity. We left the place as soon as possible & returned

to Tepoetan. The country on our way & at the ranch has a fine forest growth & is well adapted to coffee. On the way we passed a fine sulphur spring & the trail led a mile or two along the course of the stream with very beautiful scenery on both sides. Passing along the upper side of a corn field, the trail being bordered by matted thickets on both sides, we were pleased by the sight of a band of collared peccaries darting across the trail just in front of us after the other. They were retreating from their night's raid on the corn.

In the early morning when leaving town my companion led me up the wrong trail & we became mixed up in a series of small corn fields, coffee patches & woods but as day began to dawn the view of the creeping clouds along the faces of hill & mt. slopes as the mists of night took form before vanishing with the rising of the sun the fresh odor of flowering shrubs & herbs & the lush variety of plant life was a reward for hours of wandering. The cool dew laden branches brushed our cheeks, & long mimosa's with balls of pink flowers reached their claw armed branches out & caught us by the hat or clothing & the richly modulated songs of many robins ~~greeted~~ came from the woods all about.

All day the sky remained cloudy & in the afternoon & long horizontal clouds like those of early morning reformed along the hillsides & were full of never fading interest from their constant changes.

An American wife has just come to Tepoetan

I am starting coffee planting here. They find much difficulty to get labor as the Indians nearly all have cornfields & small coffee plantations from which they get the necessities of life & beyond this do not wish for anything except money enough to have an occasional drunken bout.

On Sept. 7th we left Tecpactan & went about 12 miles across the mts. to the village of Quechula on the Chiapas Riv. at an alt. of about 1000 ft. This place also has an ancient church now roofless & deserted. The town is a small place at the upper edge of the cacao lands along the river & also is upper point reached by large freight canoes. To get here they pass through some dangerous rapids a few leagues below Quechula. The state put in \$8000 trying to clear out the rocks at this place a year or so ago but the money was thrown away under incompetent management & no benefit done. Every now & then a canoe is lost with its crew of 3 or 4 men in passing the rapids. An accident of this kind occurred not long ago. With this exception the river is open to navigation for small steamers from San J. Bautista to Quechula. Some goods are brought up here for Tuxtla & taken from here there by mules but this business is now nearly closed as the supplies mainly come from Tonala. There is talk now of moving the abandoned piece of railway near Tonala & bringing it to Tuxtla. This would be a very losing piece of business for the trade of interior Chiapas is insignificant. About Quechula are some small cacao plantations but the trees are much smaller than in the large plantations down the river. Some coffee is also grown here. The climate is hot & rather sickly. On our way

Note: Above Zuechula -
from the river up for about 2000 ft. the
formation is gravelly conglomerate, then
comes in a kind of slate formation & then
the limestone.

down from Zuepactan we crossed a high
ridge about 4500 ft. & then descended through
a magnificent forest of some liquid amber, wild fig,
oaks & other trees of the upper humid trop. zone. As the
trail led us through a strip of especially dense wood
I was riding behind & suddenly saw a leopard cat
spring up the trunk of a tree growing out of a narrow
gully along which we were riding. I drew my revolver &
a quick shot at the animal was fortunate enough to
strike it. The cat sprang back off the tree & fell into the
gully again. Pistol in hand I descended in the
dense thicket to find my game & found it dead
close by the side of a young boa about 5 ft. long.
An examination showed that the cat had eaten
the head & some of the muscle on the back of the boa.
As the snake was still quite fresh I suppose the cat
must have killed it. When near Zuechula we
met Santos Vidal, a mestizo who is the most energetic
native about this district. He was enroute to visit
a new coffee plantation he is putting out so we accepted
his invitation to go back to his house & take dinner with
him & then made a visit to his plantation & then
went on to Zuechula where we were given a vacant
mud daubed house (where the American Surveyor
was shot a year ago). Some handsome young rubber
trees are growing along the hillside near this place.
The country along the river is made up of conglomerate
(of ~~fine~~ gravel mainly) at Zuechula. Chicassini
& Zuepactan are in limestone country.
On Sept. 8th we were joined across the river
& ascended the long slope leading up the south side
of the river to an altitude of about 3000 ft. where
we stopped over night at a ranch. Then we were given
dry cowhides on a frame of boards for a bed. The next
day (Sept. 9th) we made an early start & after crossing
some 3 miles of excessively rough road full of

note - at crossing of Chiapas Riv. the alt. is about 2000 ft. we crossed in a dugout ferry canoe with a lot of natives carrying all manner of cargo. Our horses & mules swimming. The river is 200 yds. or more across here. 3 or 4 miles below it descends by a fall into the box canyon known as the Sumidero but does not flow through a cave as I have been told.

rough & jagged limestone boulders of all sizes we came out on the rolling plain near Ocuilapa. Then we stopped for breakfast with my former Indian hosts & then went on. Continuing at a good pace all day we reached Juxtle at 5 P.M. after making about 36 miles. Arranging the outfit we left Juxtle en route to San Cristobal on the 13th of Sept.

5 miles down the valley from Juxtle we came to the bank of the Chiapas Riv. opposite the town of Chiapa which is about equal to Juxtle in size & in general appearance. Passing through the cobble paved streets we traversed the plaza & out through the far end of town. The place is built on the rolling slope rising above the river. Just back of town we began to ascend a rough limestone hill. Crossing this ridge we descended the opposite slope & came to a ranch known as El Calvario where we passed the night. This place has an alt. of 4300 ft.

The ranch is on the end of a long, narrow sloping plain which is now covered with grass & small herbs & brilliantly green. The slopes of the adjacent hills have a thin growth of scrubby oaks & tropical figs. On the broad

On the 14th we continued. porch of the ranch her nightfall brought together a dozen or more Indians all with backloads of something. Several were carrying huge baskets of baked bread from San Cristobal where it is baked from native flour. A number of people make a business of taking backloads of this bread to towns 100 m. or more away. They are often accompanied by their wives & sometimes one or two children. Boys or girls of 8 or 10 yrs. often tramping steadily along all day over the mountain trails.

On the 14th we ascended the gently sloping surface of the llano to its upper end, near which, at an alt. of 5100 ft. we reached El Burrero. When we stopped just in time to avoid a heavy rain storm that swept out of the mts. in front of us. Soon after we ensconced ourselves. Two parties of soldiers came up & getting quarters in the same house began blustering about. One officer in particular made himself obnoxious by his manner. I was amused by the man in charge telling me confidentially that officers were always thus when backed by a lot of soldiers but when they pass alone they are extremely polite & deferential. The rain continued all the p.m. so we remained here for the night.

~~Alt. 5~~ This day we only made about 13 mi. [San Cristobal Las Casas]
Sept. 15th Today we made 16 miles and reached the N. Capital after a short day's ride. Alt. 8000 ft. From Burrero the open grassy plain slopes down toward El Calvario with a village in its midst & bordered on all sides by pine grown hills. The vegetation of this plain was the same as we found in the grassy plains of Ocuilapa. On the road to San Cristobal we began to ascend at once after crossing a small cañon close to the ranch and the trail wound tortuously up through the open pine woods. The tropical pine soon gave way to the small coned species of the foothills & disappeared at about 5300 ft. At 5300 ft. I was surprised to find many sycamores growing along a small stream near which the trail passes & at the same time along this cañon came in alders & madroños. At 6000 ft. a large coned tree

and pine came in ranging up to 7500.
The road led up constantly until we entered
a heavy layer of clouds and travelled for
some time over the red clayey road with
vague glimpses of hills & canyons as the clouds
opened or closed about us. Finally we reached
a divide at 8800 ft. and saw below us a beautiful
basin-shaped valley with its bottom covered
with green meadows, ~~or corn~~ & wheat fields.
with a village of dark brown houses & a
white church in the middle. On every
side the green valley bottom ended abruptly
against the pine grown slopes of the bordering
hills. Reaching the village we found the
people to be all Indians except a man
who had a little store at one end of the main
street. He was very friendly & set about getting
us a little dinner at once. When we arrived he
was engaged in the feminine occupation of
crocheting a narrow piece of embroidery
which he explained was done as a pastime
& to sell to the Indian women. It seemed
rather out of place to see a large robust
man of 40 engaged in such work but
I have seen the same thing in various parts
of the country & such work seems to be no
common thing from the people. Riding out of
the valley we passed many other thorn apple
trees that were very common along the entrance.
Another divide reaching up to about 8800 ft
took us up out of the valley (8300 ft. at the town of
Suniape in the bottom) and a turn down
the farther slope brought us in view of San Cristobal
lying a league away against the base of a
pine covered hill at the far side of a flat
bottomed valley surrounded on all sides

by wooded hills like the val. just left.
The green valley with its fields of corn & wheat
and the gleaming white walls of churches
& houses of the city on its far side made a
charming picture as we rode down the
slope toward it. A long straight road flanked
on both sides leads across the flat val. bottom
to the town & along this we met many of the
indians of the surrounding mountain
villages returning from market many of
them both men & women were drunk & were
tripped & pulled along by their companions -
Some were boisterous but none of them offered
us any rudeness while some were excessively
polite. They were dressed in dark colored
woolen clothing made by themselves & often
in an advanced stage of raggedness so
that parts of the body were exposed in both men
& women. We reached the outskirts of town
and entered upon the usual cobble stone
pavement. Both sides of the street were lined
with one story adobe houses with sharply sloping adobe
roofs. As usual built flush with the street.
The dark weathered surface of the shingles &
other wood work mottled & spotted with
moss & lichens gave the general aspect of
the town a dismal, decaying look.
Further in we encountered the streets full of
soldiers & people in holiday dress in festive
preparation for the national holiday tomorrow.
The middle of the town & all streets leading to the
Plaza were hung with draping of lace curtains
& rugs over the balconies, rosaries & banners
of the national colors on fronts of houses & pine
or fir boughs & twigs fastened up over

pillars of the plaza & about the fronts
of some of the houses ~~making~~ & the floor
of the portal of the Gov't house strewn with
twigs & leaves of pine making a very or-
nate & delightful carpet. We found lodging
in the Hotel Francais kept by two old ladies
a block from the plaza. Our rooms were
most barren & dismal but the table was very
good for the country. There was no service
for the rooms so that one had to go out and
catch one of the boys that waited on the table
in order to get water, a candle or other service.
Once turned into a room the guest was never
visited by any servant even though there a
month as we were. We found along the
entrance street we arrived by a remarkable
number of houses with the sign "Fabrica de
Aguardiente". Of these places were counted
along one street between the border of town & the plaza
& we afterwards found them on nearly all other
streets but especially those leading out into the country.
The Indians consume an enormous quantity of this
liquor which is distilled from brown sugar brought in
cakes from the hot country. San Cristobal is a large town
formerly the capital but now deprived of that by reason
of its hostility to the present Gov't. It was once
captured by the Chamula Indians in a rebellion.
It is now garrisoned by 3 battalions of troops
& 5 other battalions are quartered in
other parts of the state. The Guatemalan border
dispute a year ago gave excuse for bringing
in the soldiers which will no doubt remain
until the next Presidential election is held.
During our stay here several officers of the
army boarded at the hotel & when the death

of Romero Rubio was announced the community showed that his affiliation with the church had made him a person much disliked by the society. An old colonel remarking that he was sorry for the death of a member of the president's family, but that he felt it to be a good thing for the country as removing what might be a disturbing element; as it was commonly reported that he was the one to whom the church party looked for their hopes of future success & present backing.

We remained at San Cristobal until October 11th working the country & I had a slight period of illness. The climate was rainy and cool and most of the days were cloudy. In Nov. the rains end & the dry season begins lasting until the following spring (May usually). Winter frosts are severe - corn, wheat & other grain grow, & the general appearance of these high mountain valleys are that of some northern locality in New England or Canada rather than on the border of Central America - A market is held every morning in the plaza of San C. and I visited it a number of times to see the Indians who come in from the mountain villages all about bringing apples, peaches, thorn apples, potatoes, cabbages, onions & some other vegetables as well as corn & wheat, corn fodder, hand made tables & rude pine chairs, ^{plagues, shakers,} doors & windows for houses all of wood & with their enclosing frame ready to set in place in the mud walled houses. Also wool, dried meat, deer skins, sheep skins, &c. Almost all bare headed or wearing small conical straw hats. Their feet generally unshod or with common sandals with or without heel guards. Clothing a pair of cotton trousers & long heavy woolen blouse put on

over the head & looped up at the waist with
a rawhide cord. The blouse usually reaches to
near the knee but is looped up about the waist so
it reaches mid-thigh. The trousers are commonly
rolled up to the thigh so one sees only bare legs
below the blouse & often they only wear a sash
about the loins with one end passing between
the legs & fastened at the waist again forming a
breech cloth. These wooden garments are
usually black or black & white striped. The women
go bareheaded & barefooted. The hair done up in
a roll about crown formed by the two wraps behind
can only be rolled & wound about in opposite
directions the ends wound about opposite
roll. (Same style as used at Chalalag, Oaxaca.)
A white cotton "huipil" & dark colored enaguas
blue or blue & black. They are a small race
but the men are robustly built & the development
of the muscles of their legs is remarkable. This
comes from their living in ~~mountain~~ mt. country
& constantly carrying heavy loads. 125 lbs. is the
recognized load one of these men will carry 12 to 20
miles a day over the steepest mts. They are the
carriers of this region & most of the business
is done by means of them. The go out loaded
in long files each with a long staff in hand & his
pack supported by a broad leather strap over
the crown just over forehead. As they ascend
steep slopes with their loads I often heard them
laughing & talking as comfortably as might be but
when the ascent is very sharp they become silent
& utter little whistling sounds between their teeth
& they emit their breath every 3d or 4th time.
Women & old persons or infirm persons of both
sexes are carried on the backs of the men in

The general bad reputation for the Chamula Indians was proved to us only by a single case when my ass't coming in from on horseback from a hunt one day met several of them partly drunk just out of town. One of the crowd seized his horse's bridle & held him to a stop but he put spurs to his horse & felling the fellow to the ground by a blow from his fist soon left the howling crowd behind.

Chairs enclosed in an awning drawn over a wooden frame. These people belong to the "Sochil" tribe. They have extremely ugly, brutal faces and even the young girls share in the repulsive prognathous jaws that give their faces their characteristic style. The tops of their heads are narrow & ~~very~~ rather low & a narrow protruding forehead above small narrow eyes is another unattractive feature. With all mex. tribes of the tierra fria they are very filthy in personal habits, the children suffering from mangy heads & sore eyes in consequence. When we first arrived in town corn was very scarce & only a small amount was brought to the plaza each day. A fixed hour was appointed & a market inspector was there to attend to the distribution. The owner of the corn sat at one side & a crowd of women gathered & were ranged in a semicircle facing the corn. Then the inspector would take 6 cts. from ten women & give it to the owner of corn who then put an "almud" of corn into the bowl of one of the women & then she went to one side & the corn was divided up by the owners. In this way the supply would be used up & every one get enough to last until next day. While here I met a Domingo Panigagua - a young native of this town who was at school several years near Philadelphia. I have nothing complimentary to record of him as his measuring of Americanism was too thin to be very useful. He assured me he loved the U.S. & Americans & soon after tried to make a few dollars by a barefaced & palpable lie. There is considerable wheat raised about here & some small flour mills are working here. No manufacturing of any kind goes on except

Small tailoring & shoemaking shops. The ~~town~~
Valley in which the town is located is a basin
with no outlet for drainage except through
a cave in the limestone rocks at the lowest
point a few years since the mouth of this
natural drainage tunnel became choked
with rubbish and the waters backed up
over most of the valley & began to invade the
city - of which I saw a photo. Much alarm was
caused as a rise of a few feet more would
cover the valley & begin to engulf the town.
At this moment the obstruction gave way &
the weight of the accumulated water and
in a short time the valley was in its ordinary con-
dition. Here was the centre of the work of the famous
Bishop Las Casas for whom the town is named.
His old church still stands by the plaza &
I paid a visit to it out of respect for the
memory of one of the very few honest & good
hearted Spaniards that came to this continent
in the days of the conquest. The govt palace
is a low, Greek fronted building with the usual
row of columns & portico & Greek arch above which
is disproportionately high for the size of the building.
A bare unattractive plaza lies in front about
which are a number of 2 storied buildings -
~~the~~ The soldiers have barracks in two
large ex-convents & no other buildings of
note are found here. While here we were
hunted out by an American tramp who
has reached this point on foot in search
of that strange & unattainable object for his
kind - "work". He wished a little help he said
in order to get to Guatemala City where he expected
to find work on the R.R. & had the usual long

7
tale of misfortune to account for
his present condition. I helped him on
his way hoping he would get what he was
after. These parasites are invading Mex.
& Central America & impose on their
countrymen whenever they find them & finding
a ready response to their tales from the careless
& adventurous people whom they find scattered
through this region. ~~The incident~~
While per I presented to the Jefe Politico my
letters of introduction from the govt but
was treated very abruptly at first. This caused
me to become angry & I spoke very
openly to him as regards his duty in the
matter of the assistance ~~and~~ I wished in my
work & which he at first flatly refused to give.
Even though my letters from his superiors
ordered him to do what he could to aid me.
When I had spoken sharply to him he
went to another room where he remained
a short time & came out with a letter
ordering his subordinates to forward my work
in anyway & then assured me of his readiness
to do anything I wished, & agreed to do the
very thing he had flatly said he would not
do a few minutes earlier. He kept his
word & thence forth I found him exception-
ally cordial & anxious to help. This is a
good illustration of a number of similar
affairs I have had with officials of
lower grade throughout the country.
While in San C. I saw one of the reviews of the soldiers
held the first of each month. Was surprised to see
the Gen. commanding this department in citizens
clothes while every one else was in full dress
uniform. Altho the soldiers had passed on

parade the Gen. in command assisted
by a retired gen. living here & the head
of the local customs dept. sat at a table
with a full list of soldiers, officers of subordi-
nate grade, then the soldiers & ^{volunteers} passed
one by one before the table at which sat
the officers sat & each soldier as he
passed called out his name which was
checked off. The officers merely saluted
as they passed. Then the men checked
filed off in two's to the barracks. Asking
the reason for this I was told that it was
done in order to prevent fraud in the pay roll.

Sept. 16th. On this date we left Suifu & made
16 miles across a series of mountain ridges
to the Indian village of Zuejapa. Some of
the road lay across park-like openings on
the broad rolling summits of the mts at from
8500-9500 ft. but most of the way a thin
forest of pines (some scrubby oaks, &
madroños & alders in places) bordered
the trail on which we met many Indians
going to market with backloads of the
produce of the country. Some of them saluted
as they passed but the most went doggedly along
without sign of greeting. In many places in
the fertile bottoms of the narrow valleys crossed
were many thorn apple trees with other plants
of the cold climate. The grassy park-like openings
or prairies on the hilltops are good all
over the tops of these mts where the summits are
broad & rolling or flat. The pack animals fell
about on the slippery red-clay road & gave
much trouble so that it was late in P.M. when we
came out on a steep slope & saw below us

in a deep, narrow, rocky walled valley the
village of Tenepapa. It seemed to be at
our feet & almost within a stone throw.
The streets were very plain & the plaza was full
of people engaged in the market. We zig-
zagged down & in half an hour entered
the main street & over its cobble pavement made
our way to the dilapidated town house where
my letter at once procured me the use of a
room in the building for the night. The people
here average very small, like those at San C.
& belong to the same tribe with a slight dialectic
difference. ~~One~~ A man 5 ft 9 in tall looks
over the heads of almost all of the people & a
large percent of the women can walk under his out-
stretched arm. Like the people of San C. they are
very ugly featured & a large percent, probably
over half speak no Spanish & the others but little.
On the 13th we made an early start but had a
hard time climbing the rocky hill leading out of town.
One of the pack mules fell several times & it was
great good fortune that she was not killed. She
was prevented from falling down the cliff by the
growth of bushes just below the trail. Beyond this
hill we came out on a long slope leading
down to about 3500 ft. to a crossing of a deep
cañon just where a small river has cut its
way down into the limestone forming a narrow cañon
150 ft. deep. The trail crosses at the lower end of this
cañon where the stream comes roaring down in white
cascades between walls hung with vines, ^{ferns} & many
shrubs & plants and plunges among a group
of great boulders into the mouth of a beautifully arched
cave about 75 ft. at its ^{arched} mouth & narrowing rapidly
to a dark tunnel a hundred yds in where the
stream vanishes with an added roar -

Some indians were working a bean patch on the side of the cañon above the cor on a slope so steep it seemed almost impossible for them to keep their footing. Many oranges are grown in this vicinity & indian houses, of wattled & thatched material, sometimes mud daubed, with wooden doors hung on a wooden hinge ~~like~~ made pivot like entering the lintel above & below, without window except usually a small square or oval peephole a few inches across, were scattered all about on the slopes, generally in the midst of corn patches. The original forest has been wholly cleared from the slopes of these hills along today's route & either patches of corn & beans are growing or a dense jungle of bushes & vines. The hill slopes exposed to view for miles on either hand were checked over with the corn & bean patches of the natives whose dark weather stained huts stood up against the lighter colors of the surrounding vegetation. Here & there glimpses of the trails were seen serpentine up the slopes & on the distant side of a high mt. ridge a white ribbon of water was seen streaming down an exposed cliff. Ascending the trail beyond the water cor we found the road very rough with limestone rocks among which the mules fell & caused long & vexatious delays & much hard work. Late in the P.M. a fine rain set in & I left the outfit to ride ahead to the town of Amene where we proposed to stop in order to arrange for quarters & horse feed. Finally through the mist & across a deep cañon I saw looming up on the summit of the ridge the white walls of a church. It was becoming dark as I rode into the village up a trail cut along the steep

Alt. plane 5600 ft. & 71 miles from
Tancigapa crossing 2 ridges about 6000 ft

side of the cañon. The village consists
of ^{my few of} Indians, whom know some a few words in
Spanish. The maestro or local govt official
is the only white man in the community of some
4000 natives. I presented my letters &
was invited to stop at the maestro's house.
I asked for an Indian to go back & meet
the outfit & guide them through the dark up
the steep rough trail. After some delay a man
was sent out but at the end of a couple of
hours Goldman came stumbling up in the
dark, ~~on foot~~ covered with mud from falls in
the muddy trail. He had seen nothing of the guide
& the mules having fallen in the rocks at the
beginning of the ascent he had left the
outfit & come up to get lights. I at once
had men sent down with pitch pine torches
& in half an hour the outfit arrived much
to my relief. A few moments later & the man
I had sent out at first as a guide came in &
when asked why he had not guided the outfit in said
that he heard them coming but fearing that they might
"killers" as he expressed it, he hid in the bushes
& waited until they had got in before showing up.
The rain had ceased the next a.m. & we went on
crossing a deep cañon with a long pine grown
slope leading down from Camague to a small
river crossed by a roofed wooden bridge
& then across a high ridge & down to
The Indian town of Guaquilepe in the
lower part of a long slope near the
bottom of another cañon. Beyond it
we crossed two other ~~to~~ ridges covered
with a thin growth of grass & scattered pine
woods with scrubby oaks & a few madroños.
Toward eve the clouds shut in & a fine

Sitala is 16 m. from Cancun & has an alt of
4100 ft. Cross 2 ridges of about 5000 ft
between Cancun & Sitala.

rain began just before dark we reached
the ruinous little town of Sitala with its ruined
churches & a few indian houses, or huts.
Here we were ~~given~~ taken across a stretch
of 3/4 of a mile half overflown with water
from the miserable cabin of the maestro
to ~~the~~ thatched covered room in the old monastery
alongside the church. Here we were glad
to get shelter from the fog & driving misty rain
that made it uncomfortably cool outside.
From Cancun we had a couple of indians to
carry a portion of our outfit & we had fewer
delays than before. ~~Can~~
From Cancun to Sitala the ridges & down
on their sides to near bottoms of canyons at
least 4000 ft. grow the tropical pine
& another sp. with large, long cone & long leaves.
Sitala was once quite an indian village
but is now nearly deserted & the church in
ruins as is the church at Zenejapa.
On the 15th of Oct. we made 18 miles passing
across several pine grown ridges &
through the town of Chilon, at 3600 ft., in
a pretty little valley in the hills & down the
valley through a rather rough & extremely muddy
road to Yajalon at 3000 ft. on the bank of a
small river in a narrow valley between high
limestone hills. Here we found the usual ruined
church & a town of perhaps 2000 people.
Chilon is larger & has a considerable no. of
half breeds. Yajalon has only comparatively
few "ladinos" as the people of Spanish descent
are called throughout Chiapas. In order
to make quarters for us the children were
turned out of the room used for school in
the house occupied by the teacher & his wife
furnished us our food. We remained

here until the morning of the 20th
of Oct. About Yajalon the hills ^{rise} rise
steeply to rounded summits -
although in many places rocks are
abundant on the surface they are
not very large & covered with vegetation
so that they do not appear at a distance.
The hills rarely show cliffs & ragged outlines
being mainly rounded in outline although
their slopes are usually steep & often
precipitous. This is characteristic of
the mts. all the way to San Cristobal.
Excepting the wild & rocky walled little
valley of Tenejapa which looks as though
it might be some Swiss village -
the soil is a reddish clay or yellowish
clay nearly all the way from San C. & is very
slippery now from the rains -
near Yajalon we crossed some very
muddy places where the animals got through
with difficulty. The schoolmaster here conducted
his school in the manner usual in towns of
this character. Reading & writing are the main
studies. The children study the former aloud sitting in
a row on a long wooden bench. The master
pays but little attention except to keep about
in the vicinity & every now & then when
the sound of the chorus of voices dies away
he will shout at them "Study" & at once
the shrill chorus rises again only to again
gradually die away. I often wonder how the
children can learn anything under such
tuition. While we were there the mother
sister & 2 brothers of the schoolmaster's wife
suddenly appeared one morning and going
into the house told the master's wife to go home
with them & leave her husband. For some

reason they were against her living longer
with the master. He told them he was legally
married to the woman but they replied
that it made no diff. she could not live with
him any longer. He made no further
objection & his wife & child were hurried
away on horseback. In a day or so he was
going about town as lively as possible without a
sign of regret. He said he did not resist their
taking his wife away because he did not wish to
make a scandal! The day of the patron
saint of the town occurred during our stay here
and was celebrated by a small market being
held & by a gratification of aguardiente being
drunk. Men & women were staying about
the streets all day & in the P.M. a number were
lying helpless in the plaza as they had fallen.
A high fence was built in the plaza where a
mock bull fight took place - several bulls
with long ropes on their horns & necks &
hold them by were turned in in succession
& while several people held the ropes from dif.
sides others tormented the bull in front &
teased him into trying to charge them. A few
rockets were sent up & this was the end of
the sports, for which the people gathered into
town to witness - except the carrying of the
image of the saint about town in procession
with some remarkably deafening music.
The Indians enjoy intensely such simple
amusements as these & come out in
large nos in new or holiday dress.
These people dress like those of the surrounding
country except the women of whom the photo.
& sample show the character. The "ladinos" &
in all these towns have very ugly garments

The women in particular in straight ~~garment~~
waist with a cheap reboso and bare
feet show little of the picturesque grace
the native women so commonly exhibit.
The 'ladinos' ^{of Chiapas}, are also a puny race full of
prejudices & superstitions. And ex-
tremely ignorant even of their own
country as a rule. Newspapers are usually
represented by the official paper of the
state with a ~~small~~ sheet from the
larger cities containing little of
interest. Modern ideas & ambitions are
beginning to filter in among them through
the most ancient prejudice & custom
with easier means of communication
with the outside the state should develop.
So far the results from mining enterprises
~~so far~~ have been very unfortunate & no paying
mine has been developed. The interior
of state produces wheat, barley, potatoes &
corn and the warmer parts of the
state give coffee, sugar cane & cacao with an
abundance of other tropical fruits
whenever they are cultivated.

Oct. 19th we went on across the
mts. 13 miles to the indian village of Tumbalá
which is on the crest of the mountain ridge
of the main ^{chain of the} Cordillera to the east.
Here we remained until the 29th.
A small straggling indian village about
the crest of a high ridge sloping steeply away
on both E. & W. sides with the roofless ruin
of an old convent & church & small

grass-thatched mud-walled town house
with dirt floor & two wooden benches as the
only furniture ~~made~~ of the main room used
as the Juggado. At one end is the small room
with wooden grating door used as jail &
Close alongside the house similarly built occupied
by the "maestro" or deputy of the Jefe Politico,
who is town & schoolmaster & general govt
factotum. The indians elect their own officials
Presidente, Alcalde etc. but these all do whatever
the "maestro" tells them. From the top of the
hill by the little flat on which the village
is located is a fine view down across the
mountains to the coast plain of Tabasco.

On clear days the gleam of rivers & lagoons
with brown grassy plains & forested
areas are seen extending on to the
dim horizon where the hazy blue of the gulf
is visible. To the right rises the high
swelling ridge of the Palenque range
at the further side of which lie the famous
ruins. Over the slopes about Tulumala
as on most of the slopes all along our route
from San Cristobal are the patches of cleared land
showing where the indians have planted corn.
Belonging to this municipality are about
4000 indians mostly scattered everywhere
over the slopes but here & there getting into
small villages. Despite this number there are large
areas of virgin land in the district & here
a number of Americans & Germans have come
in & begun coffee planting. As they are none

of them well informed or practiced in the business the result is small for the outlay. Much trouble is experienced in getting labor as the Indians of this locality do not care to work. Although higher wages are now offered than ever before in this district going to the need of men to prepare the land on new coffee plantations yet the people having small corn patches of their own yielding sufficient for their simple wants refuse to work for money. For this reason a system of employment is in force that is illegal but sanctioned by the authorities. A ranch needing a certain number of men applies to the "maestro" & advances him a certain sum ^{each} (\$1.50 to 1.75). The maestro pockets 25¢ from this leaving 1.25 - 1.50 for which the man must work a week (6 days). Then the maestro sends out his messengers with a list of names of men in the vicinity & the money. The messenger finds his man at home & notifies him that he must come to work at a certain ranch the next Monday morning for a week & offer the money. If the man objects to take the money saying he does not wish to work the officer throws ~~the money~~ it into the house & goes away & the man is held liable to do the work. Should he fail to come then he is arrested & sentenced for some days often a week in jail & are frequently sentenced to be whipped. I saw several whipped during my stay here. The man was stood up facing a post of the corridor of the town house & with a shirt on had 25 lashes from a stout riding whip across the back & shoulders.

While no effort was made to render this punishment very severe it was degrading enough & gave me a feeling of savage disgust. Despite these efforts to get help the ranch owners are obliged to search on all sides for labor going several days journey - some to distant to get men. The system of loans to men, giving the peonage service is also practiced. At the ranches the most of the employers make a practice of giving out drinks to the men after a day's work in bad weather & some make it almost a daily custom. Sundays these people sell their men all the liquor they wish up to the limit of their wages in some cases. Drunkenness & often savage fights with machetes are the result of this - which is also illegal, but is done in order to try & hold the men. These Indians are extremely fond of cane-sugar & work for it when they could not be otherwise induced to do so. At the time of my visit here there was much dissatisfaction among the natives & a year before a small revolt was started but died away before any violent steps had been made. The people here are shy of strangers & until very recently had little to do with outsiders & the women & children now will ^{run} away or disappear in the brushwood if met alone along the roads. They are rather inoffensive however and not much given to stealing. They have very few guns & are little versed in hunting or woodcraft of that kind. They are a medium sized people of rather coarse features.

Among other punishments besides
the imprisonment I saw several of the
men with shackles & a large block of wood
top of which I photographed. These men were
kept at the jail a week & wore shackles for
being drunk & quarrelling. During the day
time they were walking about outside carrying
the shackle-log in one hand & the chain & ^{ring} ^{ring} themselves. At night they were locked up.
During our stay here cold storms of fog & rain swept
across the mt. summit repeatedly & everything
was kept dripping with moisture. The slope of the
mt. facing inland has various broad, open grassy
areas & the trees & bushes are smaller & show
evidences of there being a drier climate up to
within a few hundred ft. of the summit. Then the
influence of the dampness from the gulf
slope is shown in the heavy forest growth
with abundant underbrush, vines & herbage.
This extends across the summit & down
the gulf slope to. Within a few hundred ft. of
sea level a little below El Salto.
In this great forest that extends into
Guatemala the only broken land there
by indian clearings & sending out small
rivers toward the gulf the coffee planters
are now opening up on a small scale a
good district that should eventually
be a large producer when the labor
question is settled. The climate from
1500 - 5000 ft. is healthy & within these limits
the coffee is being planted. The Quetzal is
an inhabitant of these forests with Penelopina
& other interesting birds.

The Howling monkey *Myotis* also ranges up in these forests to nearly 5000 ft. & the Spidey monkey *Atletes geoffroyi* also reaches at least to 4000 ft. according to the accounts of the coffee planters & natives of the district.

On Oct. 29th

~~~~~~~~~ We left Tumbala where we had damp uncomfortable quarters in the "juzgado" and descended the mt. 16 m. to the village of La Trinidad at an alt. of 800 ft. This is a little indian village at the upper border of the foothills in the heavy forest. We remained here several days getting some specimens but delayed mainly by the heavy rains that fell & prevented our going on.

We stopped here in a small "juzgado" in front of which, under a narrow *perauca* huddled each night a crowd of indians on their way to various places with pottery & other articles for sale to the people of the low country or carrying back sugar, salt &c to the interior towns. They travel in parties often including entire families of men, women & children everyone over 8 or 9 carrying a load proportionate to their strength. In addition to the load of goods each carried several balls of corn dough rolled up in banana leaves & called "posol". This is the ordinary food of the indians of Chiapas when travelling. It will keep fit for food for ten days as I have seen even in the low country. At intervals of 3 or 4 hours when they come to a creek they halt & opening the netted sack in which they carry the "posol" they



Break off a fragment & mixing it with water in a small bowl-like gourd drink the gruel like mixture & then go on again.

Men who are sent out to work a work on the plantations also carry this & work with no other diet as a rule until they return to their homes. While at Tumbala

I saw about 50 men come in to work a work on one of the ranches each with his naked machete carried in the hollow of his arm or in his hand & a net sack of several large balls of "posol" on his back. They had been sent by the authorities from a village 2 days journey away & rec'd 150 for 6 days work. At the end of the work they frequently bought rum & drank up nearly or quite all this & returned home with nothing.

At La Trinidad the people were much afflicted by malarial fever nearly half the town being more or less sick so I had some trouble getting carriers to take my boxes of specimens on to El Salto de Agua. Hearing that the roads from ~~the~~ La Trinidad to the latter place are very bad I decided to have my assistant return with the outfit to Tumbala while I went on with my horse & ~~a couple~~ <sup>3</sup> of carriers to El Salto where I could take a canoe to the coast.

~~Nov. 4<sup>th</sup> Today I left La Trinidad~~

While here we made a trip a few miles back into the forest to the base of mts. at 1700 ft. to a place called "Mimukahai" where a Mr. Albert Hays is located with

His wife & a young lady cousin.  
They are a yg. couple from Minneapolis & are  
very pleasant people. It was a great pleasure  
to meet them & enjoy their hospitality. Their  
log & mud house in the midst of the trop-  
ical forest had its walls hung with drawings  
& pictures, photos & white books & magazines  
in profusion gave the place a cozy home-  
like air that I have not found in these  
wilds elsewhere. Mr. Huy came to this  
country for his health & his charming wife  
insisted in sharing the exile. Unfortunately  
the object of their life in the forest, a coffee  
plantation is not being accomplished  
very rapidly as the difficulty of getting labor  
& the lack of a knowledge of the language  
& how to handle the people on the part of Mr.  
Huy is resulting in the failure of his efforts.  
This result must meet many people who  
come to Mex. without fully knowing what  
they will encounter.  
On Nov. 4th I sent my asst. back to Turubala  
and proceeded on horseback with 3 men  
carrying loads down to El Salto - a distance  
of about 20 miles. The route led across  
low hills & over flat or nearly level areas  
all overgrown with forest & crossed by several  
small streams. The road is a mere trail  
& the heavy rains have rendered the mud  
almost belly deep in places. While for  
miles the horse had hard work to get along.  
In one place he sank in & stuck so I had to  
get off & help him out. A deep narrow creek  
had to be crossed by carrying the saddle over  
on a log & swimming the horse.



For a mile or two the trail led through a broken ledge of honeycombed limestone rock when a fall meant a serious injury and the deep slippery mud made progress slow & perilous. Finally I came out on the brow of a ridge overlooking El Salto and passing some neglected cane fields reached the town. It is a small place of only 150 or 200 people but is the head of the noted district of Palenque. It is on the bank of a river navigable to the vicinity of this point at all seasons by small shallow draught steamers. ~~Just~~ The town is a straggling collection of wattle & adobe walled houses or huts with grassy streets. The greenness of the latter giving a pleasing air of freshness to the place. In front of the town the low water was exposing several series of islets & submerged reefs of limestone deposits built up by the great amount of lime carried in the river water. Some small willows have taken root in the highest of these & are aiding to build islets in midstream while just above a dam has been formed entirely across the river like a coral reef over which the water was pouring in a picturesque rapid. ~~Mr~~ <sup>Herr</sup> ~~Alonso~~ Samuel Diaz was "town president", local judge, tax collector & postmaster and pleasant gentleman combined. ~~But~~ By his kind efforts I had no trouble in getting canoe-men to go down the river. I went a couple of miles below the

town to stay overnight at the ranch called La Cruzada owned by a firm of German rubber planters who have kindly loaned me their canoe for the trip and the hospitality of their ranch while going & coming.

The next day was spent getting a stock of provisions made up for the men & having a "toldo" built over the middle of the canoe. This is an arched cover made by bridging long slender poles & fastening the ends down on either side of canoe-rail in holes made for the purpose. Other poles are lashed lengthwise & over this framework are bound the broad leaves of a species of Cannabis that abounds here making a shelter impervious to sun or rain. It is shaped like the top of a prairie schooner.

On Nov. 6<sup>th</sup> I started down the river, ~~and~~ <sup>the</sup> boxes of specimens piled in front & myself on my bed-roll packed away under the leafy awning on a rude floor of boards to keep me above the water that might get into canoe bottom. After so many months of horseback work the smooth gliding of the canoe among leafy walls was delightfully novel and pleasant. Behind partly hidden in clouds arose the slopes of the main range about Tumbuk which came in view now & then with the tortuous windings of the river. On right & left low spurs from the main range were extending in rapidly descending slopes toward the coast plain. The river banks were deep green with a wall of forest rising densely from the edge of the water only penetrable machete in hand. A few flycatchers & kingfishers haunted the fringing trees & bushes at the water along the banks. These banks rise in rounded knolls & slopes



The melancholy whistling note of nothocercus  
sallaei a kind of partridge-living in the  
dense thickets was heard morning &  
evening along the upper Chilafilla & El Salto R.

60-75 ft. above the water & slope back to  
the neighboring ridges. The forest from  
the main mts. extends down in a dense wood  
to the vicinity of the river bank here giving the  
distant outlines a soft dark green color.

At considerable intervals we came ducking  
in the forest along the river bank. Here one  
or a few palm thatched ~~huts~~ <sup>huts</sup> or wattle  
huts were always perched on the river  
bank at the upper edge of high water &  
several dug-out canoes tied to stakes  
along the edge of the river. Everything was very  
quiet & the solitary existence of these people  
seemed as that of dwellers on some remote  
coast. Now & then the canoe men would trail an  
acquaintance a few moments later the  
forest wall would again shut us in with its  
unbroken front until some miles below we  
would come on another clearing. Corn seems  
the main crop with small sugar cane patches.

In the evening we came out into another stream  
entering from the west & called the Macuspana.  
The hilly country was now left behind and from  
here a gentle & sometimes slightly rolling slope  
extends toward the sea. A tree willow is com.  
Along the edge of the water & a hedge of scarlet  
flowered Malvaceae forms a dense wall  
along the bank often being almost impenetrable  
& frequently growing down into the water.  
The com. wild sunflower & some morning  
glories were also com. The 2 latter usually  
about clearings. Early in the morning  
after El Salto we came to the village of  
Tepatitlan. It is a characteristic  
river town of the low-lands. A collection  
of dug-out canoes along the front

with a steep bank leading up to the  
lawn-like grassy main street fronting  
the water where two or three small stores  
usually occupying the largest buildings  
which are made of adobe ~~and~~ contain  
several rooms inside the store which is  
in front. ~~Back of~~ Closed by stands a  
small whitewashed church. Back  
of these are scattered huts with wattle  
& mud daubed walls & thatched roofs.  
The streets are free from trash & mud  
& covered with a short bright green grass.  
As the river rises & sweeps away all  
accumulated debris every year & some  
effort seems to be made to keep the streets  
free from odds & ends that so disfigure  
the little towns of the highland these  
water towns are attractively fresh & bright.  
The absence of horses & mules from all business  
being done by canoe adds to this & gives  
the places a still neater look. They  
always seem very quiet & sleepy &  
a brooding silence seems to hang  
about them giving the appearance  
of a New England Sunday to the places  
except on festival days when the general  
silence is made up by parading bands  
rockets & other fireworks. After getting  
breakfast here we dropped down  
stream & a few miles below one of my  
men pointed to a hut on the river bank  
& said that an old woman was at the  
water's edge washing clothes once when an  
alligator seized her. She cried out for help  
& her daughter a large strong young woman

ran down the bank & jumping astride  
the alligator in the shallow water, forced  
her fingers into its eyes. The alligator re-  
linquished its prey & the girl sprang off  
whereupon the reptile again seized the old  
woman. The girl repeated this operation  
twice more before the beast finally gave  
up & the old woman was helped ashore by her  
brother daughter.

Last eve. (the first day below El Salto) the voices  
of howling monkeys were heard roaring at a  
distance in the forest my men said it was  
a black species not found in the lower country.  
Soon after dark the notes ceased & getting  
in my hanging mosquito net below the table  
I went to sleep to the ~~most~~ monotonous  
dipping of the paddles of the men as they worked  
slowly downstream between the ink black  
walls that seemed to shut us in. About 2 a.m.  
I was awakened from heavy slumber by the  
sudden outburst of the most frightful  
roarings upon both banks of the river.  
The noise was terrific in its volume  
& the frightful uproar ~~was~~ exceeded  
any sound I supposed possible to  
be made by animals. For two hours  
we drifted silently down stream through  
the incessant roaring now on one bank  
& then on the other & then on both banks.  
The men had ceased rowing & as we drifted  
silently between the high black walls of forest  
from which the sounds came the a feeling  
of strange loneliness became strong.  
Nothing more characteristic of a remote



primal forest in the tropics can  
be imagined than these harsh discordant  
cries. In the gloom of night as they break  
forth in this manner they are even  
more effective than when heard ~~at~~ in  
daytime. Before the notes finally ceased  
just before dawn my head seemed to  
be filled with the sound & the state  
of tension produced on the nerves was  
becoming painful. When the last notes  
died away with barks & broken howls  
almost as suddenly as it had begun I  
felt a great relief & again slept until  
the sun came shining along the river  
banks. The next afternoon we again  
heard distant roarings of monkeys  
which my men said were another kind.  
Their notes were even louder than those of  
last night but they were heard in scattered  
groups. The black monkey of the foothills  
is called locally "Sarawatu" & the  
smaller one of the lowlands is the "mong"  
while the Atiles which occurs ab-  
with the Sarawatu is called "Chango".  
On my return I landed at one place where  
I heard one of these "Sarawatu" monkey shouting  
and one of my men went ahead cautiously  
cutting a passage through the vines & bushes  
bordering the river. As we got in a short distance  
the undergrowth of small thorny trunked palms,  
clawed vines etc. became less dense & we  
worked back a couple of hundred yards, there  
we found the ground covered with a few inches  
of water over quite an extent in the midst  
of which grow some tall broad leaved trees.  
In some of these were 5 or 6 monkeys one of which

led us to him by his loud notes. When we were close to his tree he stopped howling & looked down guiltily without any attempt at escaping. A charge of heavy swan shot at about 50 or 60 yds. ~~brought him down~~ caused him to slip off the branch on which he sat and after hanging a few moments he fell with a loud splash into the water. At the report of the gun I saw a juv. with egg on her back begin walking up a large branch on another tree a little beyond. A quick shot caused her to stop & a second shot brought her down also into the water. The yg. was quite small but as soon as the old one struck in the water it left her & began slowly climbing hand over hand up one of the slender, peeling stems of the small palms growing thickly in the water so a second shot was required to bring it down. These monkeys had a rank offensive odor & very heavy stupid faces. They range up to near 'Zumbala' at nearly 4500 ft. alt. After leaving the village below the mouth of the Macuspana the country gradually became lower & the forest smaller. Howl monkeys & the howler very common. On the way down they were heard up to 7 a.m. from dawn & in the morning at sunset & a little before but no night concert such as that of the other kind was heard. On our way up I penetrated a piece of low forest among vines, prickly stemmed palms & long vine-like cane to where several were howling. They were seated quietly on the larger branches of low trees 3-50 ft. high in a group of ten or 12. When I came under the tree where a male sat not over 40 ft. over me he merely looked down quietly without any show of alarm. 2 were shot & the others moved slowly from one branch to another without any attempt to escape.

embarking we had only gone 3 or 400 yds. when the  
remaining males in the flock I had just seen  
among set up their roaring ~~and~~ from the same  
spot as though nothing had occurred. A few  
leagues above this at sunset we were poling  
slowly up stream when I noted a black ball on the dense  
flat top of a strong shrub growing in the shallow water  
at the edge of the river. We came closer & saw it was one  
of these monkeys apparently bound asleep. ~~By~~  
I stood up at a distance of 25 or 30 ft. & shouted at  
the top of my voice but it did not raise its head from  
between its knees. We were then passing the bush  
& catching a branch I swung ~~the~~ the bush  
back & forth. At this the monkey raised its head  
& looked at us for a few moments with a  
most absurd expression as though to say  
"what did you do that for" & then deliberately  
buried its face between its knees as before  
& resumed its slumber. Both myself & the  
canoe men laughed heartily at this uncon-  
cerned creature & left it. The note of the "sarawa-  
watu" is a hoarse bellowing, roaring something like  
the bellowing of a bull. It is given as a long drawn  
roaring with few breaks & no modulations.  
The mono starts in much the same tone as the "sara-  
watu" but has a louder roar which is soon broken  
with modulated notes ending with hoarse barkings  
and short roars that combine to render the  
noise much more startling than those of the  
other species. The flesh of the Sarawatu is said  
to be very good to eat by the El Satto people  
who have hunted the animals away from the  
neighborhood of the town in consequence. The flesh  
of the mono is not eaten by these same people.  
~~There~~ palms were seen on the way down  
the river. The coconut which grows about villages  
& ranches. The royal palm with swelling trunk - a  
beautiful grove opposite the mouth of the Chilapa



river on the Grijalva. a species of  
fan palm 30-50 ft high common from  
a little below El Salto and the small  
porricky stemmed kind very abundant  
as undergrowth in the forest along the river.  
It grows from 8 to 20 ft. high in dense woods  
& the ground is covered with the fallen spines  
so that the natives cannot walk there without  
sandals. I had to ~~have~~ loan one of my boys a pair  
of shoes before he would go with me after the  
monkeys. Below the point where the ~~Ucucupuma~~  
the El Salto river joins the stream is called the Chilapa  
Then another fork takes place the Chilapa leading  
to the left & emptying into the Grijalva near San  
Bautista while to the left is the Chilapilla which flows  
to the Grijalva near the coast. A little below the  
village passed in the morning the low country is  
entirely when the high water covers the  
land in the rainy season. The people have their  
houses on the highest spots so that the water does  
not become deep enough to carry them away but  
often floods them floor to a depth of 2 or 3 ft.  
The population is very scanty & is mainly of mixed negro  
& indian blood. Both men & women paddle about  
standing upright in small narrow canoes that  
look scarcely larger than a plank. One eve. at  
sunset two women passed us standing in bow  
& stern of one of these little canoes. They were tall  
gracefully formed women with their figures  
showing under the light cotton garments. The sun  
was just setting & a rosy light shaded the  
border of forest & reflected in the mirror-like  
surface of the river. Across this dreamy scene  
the women came dressed in white with long swaying  
paddle strokes the canoe skimming along like  
a bird leaving a faint smooth swell upon  
the water. The silence was unbroken save by the  
soft splash of the paddles in the canoe & the

A

Scene was one of those beautiful combinations of color and time that fill the mind with pleasurable emotions ~~such~~ akin to those evoked by sweet strains of music. In my wandering I find some of the most valued memories are scenes such as this that repay one for many hours of solitude & hardship & the rough vicissitudes of life in wild regions.

Along the Chilapilla river the country is very low and the ~~vegetation~~ woods become low like the coast woods seen at Coatzacoalcas. Tall palms 50 or 60 ft. high stand up boldly above the general growth. Now & then a large tree was seen & these with gaunt, wide spreading branches hung with long ~~of~~ Spanish moss made a picturesque sight. ~~near the mouth~~ Along this stream great nos. of tree ducks (*A. fulva*) were seen. At night they roost in the tops of the trees & bushes along the banks of the river & as we glided along at dawn & just at sunrise they were seen in small parties on every bank. As we drew near they would stand up & look at us curiously until we were 50 or 60 yds away & then fly swiftly away. As the sun arose numerous small parties of them were seen in a regular flight of any hours duration going off to some feeding ground. A few herons, cormorants & snake birds were also seen along the stream but not numerous. Close to the mouth of the Chilapilla the country becomes marshy & overgrown with cat-tail flag, reeds & other waterplants. Passing here I fired a shot at a duck & at once a tremendous rushing noise from among the reeds ensued, great clouds of herons, white & brown, ibises, roseate spoonbills & other water fowl arose hurriedly &

formed in line toward distant parts of the marsh while a band of half wild cattle suddenly broke out of the reeds and with heads thrown up like startled deer they fled away plowing the broad deep water into foam as they ran.

Pulling across the Grijalva we stopped a half hour for coffee at a ranch standing by a beautiful grove of tall royal palms. Night fell while here & we began the descent of the Grijalva (which is half to  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile broad). My men were now very tired & slept part of the night despite the bites of the mosquitos which I could hear in loud choruses outside my net. We arose at dawn & far away on the low horizon could be seen the white domes of the church & some of the buildings along the front of Frontera. Mangroves became common & some pretty strips of beach opened out along the shore. We stopped at a grassy spot & enjoyed a bath free from mosquitos as these only bite one on the river bet. sunset & sunrise.

Frontera is a small town with custom house & a number of commercial houses doing business with the people of the river towns. Mahogany, cedar, cutters and haciendas. A few hundred people make up the population. The streets & a neglected plaza are grassy & all about is the low forest covering the wet lowlands that extend away on both sides of the river in this vicinity. Shipping my boxes I left here the following morning.

Nov. 10<sup>th</sup> The return trip was made in six days - the down trip in 3 going day or night. Or 9 days for a round trip of 320 miles. The endurance of the men was remarkable. They secured only a few hours sleep in the 28 & their food was almost wholly made up of



the corn dough of which they carried a stock for the entire trip made up into balls 5 or 6 in. in diam. & wrapped in banana leaves. A handful of this mixed with water in a gourd & drunk was their ordinary food. Several times a day they stopped and mixed a gourd of this & then went on. The constantly begged me to buy them a guardiente & purchased it themselves at intervals along the route. On the 16<sup>th</sup> I arranged for a man to carry my baggage up the mountain to vicinity of ~~El Salto~~ Jumbala. The President of the town Sr. Samuel Diaz, a bright young lawyer, looked about & did everything in his power to assist me as he had done on my way down. Leaving El Salto on the 17<sup>th</sup> I made 22 miles on horseback to La Trinidad, a village at the base of the mts. at an elevation of 800 ft. The road leads up through a heavy forest from El Salto to this place. The mud was deep in many places & finally I came to a creek with precipitous banks when the bridge had been washed away. Four smooth logs had been thrown across to serve as a bridge. I started to lead my horse across but midway he slipped & both legs on one side went down between the logs. By using all my strength I managed to get his legs out of this creek but could do nothing farther alone. The town was still some miles away & it was already growing dark when some Tila Indians came along. They could talk no Spanish but I pressed them into service & after getting the saddle off rolled the horse off the logs into the creek 8 ft. below. He went under with a tremendous splash & after much trouble we dragged him up on the

side (the Trinidad side being inaccessible) and after filling in between the logs with sticks tried the pass again. The sticks broke & again the horse fell. We gave him a second roll into the water & on third trial got him across. It was now inky darkness on all sides in the wood & with much trouble I found the saddle & accoutrements & remounted. Giving the horse its head I then let him find his way through the forest in the narrow trail. I remembered having passed several places that would be perilous in the darkness but to go on was better than the certainty of getting a fever by staying all night in the heavy dew in the open. Once my horse came to a dead halt & ~~gathering~~ off feeling of his ears I could tell that they were both turned front as though he was trying to examine something in front. I got off cautiously & feeling along the muddy ground in front found he was standing on the edge of another missing bridge. I remembered a path that made a circuit to a ford near this & finding it crossed the creek safely. Beyond this I came up with a train of Indians loaded with baggage & the chairs containing the wife & family of an old German who was on his way back into the mountains on foot to get some land for making a coffee plantation. The old fellow was plodding painfully through the mud & as I came up had given up in tending to stop by the road all night. I encouraged him by announcing the proximity of the ~~bridge~~ <sup>town</sup> & he started on again. At 9 P.M. I was delighted to get to the town. Rousing up the Presidente I persuaded him to get me something to eat & soon after the

